

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1872.

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No. 11.

LOVE AND SORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY BEULAH.

Love born in sunshine,
Pampered at;
Love of the season,
Lingers a day;
Love of the moment,
Lives not a hour;
Love for eye;
Love that is soul-love,
Never can die.

Bless then the shadow!
Bless then the shade!
It brings the flower;
That never shall fade;
Love makes thy burdens
Light as air;
Love makes thy shackles
Easy to wear.

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT; OR, HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER V.

THE PROPOSAL.

John Passmore sat alone in his private office. In the adjoining counting-room the busy paces of clerks could be heard, rapidly filling huge blank-books with the multitudinous business records of the house of Willing & Son. From the store rose a subdued bustle of salesmen earnestly recommending their goods to customers, and of porters rapidly packing great boxes of dry goods, for shipment to all portions of the country.

But he was too deeply absorbed in his own thoughts to hear or heed these signs of business activity.

"All is going well," he said to himself. "I will not hasten any more by the shadow of an employer, to keep me cramped within a narrow, hum-drum line of duties, and tied down to a fixed salary. With Willing and Graham out of my way there will not be a single legal claimant to distract my position as virtual owner of this great establishment. There is, to be sure, the girl; but she has no knowledge of her claims, and to guard against any possible disaster, I am bound to make her my wife. Her lover will out of the way it will be no great task to win her. But what if Joe Corbin has lied? Willing should return!"

A slight shudder passed through his frame as he thought of this possible failure in his plans. He turned and called to a clerk in the outer office, "Send Ford here."

His call was answered by the appearance of a tall, thin, gaunt person, who chewed his pipe as if nervously anxious to get back to his books.

"In there any account yet of that invoice of silk, ordered last month from Strauss & Brother, of Paris?"

"A letter came to hand to-day, was the answer. 'They were shipped ten days ago, and must be now well all."

"To this port?"

"No. To New York."

"Very well. You have had them insured?"

"Fully."

The book-keeper, as if glad to be released, at once passed through the door, and made for the huge ledger from which he had been temporarily called.

"I must play that game with the silk," Passmore muttered. "It will be something to fall back on in case Willing should return. This is as likely, but the wise man prepares for contingencies. I can't lose by it in any case. I wish Corbin was back. I can do nothing till I have his report. With Graham one settled there would be only the girl to work upon."

As if in answer to his thoughts the door opened, and Alice Worthington entered, ushered by one of the clerks. Passmore started up, too much surprised, for the moment, to be courteous. The next moment, recovering himself, he politely handed her a chair, and requested her to be seated.

"My dear Miss Worthington, this is an unlooked-for pleasure. Welcome to my business home; the close prison in which we slaves to trade are forced to confine ourselves day after day."

"A comfortable prison," she replied, looking around over the well carpeted and furnished room, on whose walls hung several small but valuable pictures; a desk, and a shelf or two filled with directories and sample-books, being the only special business indications.

"Ah, we manage to endure it. In a large business there is something of the intoxication of the gambling-table. In playing for heavy stakes one forgets his surroundings."

"I have been anxious to hear of Mr. Graham," she said. "I have not had a word from him, and supposed that you might have received a letter."

"I have not," he replied. "I have been expecting one, but suppose he has been too busy to write."

"Perhaps so. I was in the city and thought I would call on you, and leave if you had heard anything. May not his family have some word? I may appear unusually anxious, but the mystery surrounding Mr. Willing makes me nervous about that locality."

"It is pure nervousness, I assure you. There is no danger," he replied, taking his hat. "If you wish, I will accompany you to make inquiries at Mr. Graham's residence."

"Oh no! I would not like to do so."

"Well, I will make the necessary inquiries and report to you," he said, leading



"Buthineth is respectfully requested," returned Solomon Gantly, "and good health from rats, policemen, and thump insects."

her by a side door into the street, and thus hastened the confusion of the warehouse.

Turning into Chestnut street, they took their way up this busy thoroughfare, chattering at their wits' end, while he, in his seat, stared curiously from the costly display in the shop windows to the persons of the richly-dressed passers-by.

Arriving at their destination there was a walk of about ten minutes' duration from the railway station to the house.

Passmore made use of this interval in beseeching her to control herself, and to submit to the inevitable decesses of Providence, with such other of the customary consolatory remarks as occurred to him. The result of his awkward speeches was to throw her into a violent flood of tears. Fortunately the lane they were in was deserted, save by themselves, and her unreserved emotion provoked no wondering glances.

As if fearful she might fall from weakness induced by her violent emotion, he placed his arm round her waist, and besought her in accents tender as those of a lover, to be more calm.

"Miss Worthington, I am fortunately able to furnish you the latest news from Mr. Graham. This gentleman is the detective who accompanied him."

"Indeed?" she exclaimed, with vivacity.

"Then, sir, you can tell me all about the search and its results?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Corbin.

"But the street is not the place for a long story," said Passmore. "We had better take a private parlor in the hotel."

He led the way to the ladies' entrance, and they were soon seated in a small, well-furnished room, overlooking the busy flood of humanity in Chestnut street.

We need not follow the assumed detective in his story, as it was essentially what we have already given. He carefully avoided any hint of its disastrous end, and when he reached the description of their steamboat trip, and then in a few strong, concise words placed the story of the accident and its fatal termination in graphic outline before them.

Alas! it is not true as the account of the accident proceeded. The vigorous description of the striking of the boats thrilled her tense nerves as if she herself had received a deadly blow, and at the final account of the disappearance of the struggling youth, her pale up emotion found its outlet in a loud scream, which was snuffed out by an instant and death-like swoon.

The cry was heard over the whole floor, and brought a half-dozen chambermaids hastily into the room. Passmore, with a few words of explanation, passed into the hall with his companion, leaving the insensible girl to the hands of the women.

"Now, Corbin," he said, in a low tone, as persons were still passing, attracted by the cry. "You had better make your way home to get off this dress, and come out in a more decent character. Your job was well-managed, and well-received in the telling. I will see you at my country in a day or two, and settle accounts."

"All right," growled the other, somewhat surly. "Don't make it later than Friday."

He turned away, and with a grim smile, unseen by Passmore, went down the stairs.

The latter anxiously inquired the condition of Alice, from a passing servant.

"She's coming to, sir. She'll have her senses again in five minutes, and maybe sooner."

On the receipt of this intelligence, he hastened down stairs, procured a carriage, and had it drawn up to the ladies' entrance.

Retuning to the interior in which he had left her he found her fully recovered, but in a state of mental distress attributable to a sense of her own helplessness.

"Come, Miss Worthington, you must return home immediately," he said.

"I had no provision of the terrible nature of this man's story, or you should not have heard it so rudely told."

"The event was the same. No language could have diminished its horror," she replied, taking his proffered arm, and accompanying him down stairs, followed by the curious and sympathizing glances of the women.

In a few moments they reached Mr. Mitchell's house, and Alice, with renewed thanks to her companion, at once retired to her room, and to indulgence in a solitary

paroxysm of grief from which she had as yet in great measure restrained herself.

Passmore visited her in the afternoon of the next day, and found her already greatly calmer, her grief having been too poignant for long duration.

With all the skill of a practised lover he fast his way to the citadel of her heart, day after day, for the next two or three succeeding days, becoming more declared and open in his advances, and fancying that he was making great progress in his purpose.

Meanwhile he kept a strict watch on the items of Richmond news to be found in the daily papers, and was, after a day or two, rewarded by an account of the accident, in which the steamer Fannie of the Philadelphia and Richmond line of packetts had cut down and sunk a small James river steamer.

All on board had escaped by their boat, with the exception of two passengers, who had been rescued by the boats of the Fannie, and now lay in a dangerous condition at a Richmond hotel. He had been recognised as a Mr. Graham, a Philadelphia merchant.

"No danger of the other," mentioned Passmore. "He was born to be hung, and can't be drowned. But it is indeed awkward that Graham has turned up again. I shall have to speak with him."

Besituated that she would not read the general news items of the daily papers, he felt convinced that he would have a few days yet to supplement his rival in her affections before the probable event of Graham's return could occur.

He even debated with Corbin the propriety of this individual's returning to Richmond, and trying to complete his work. In this plan, however, he was met by a decided refusal, his accomplice positively declining to go any farther than the hotel.

In his next visit to Alice he found her more composed, but rather the settled calm of deep grief. Her face had suddenly grown a stranger to smiles, and in her voice lurked the pain of tears unshed. He began to realize that hers was not the nature to turn violently from before.

"Calm yourself, dear friend," he continued, pressing her hand warmly, and gazing with loving interest into her tearful face.

"The world is not all blank, though it may now appear so to you. There are joys in store for you yet, and long years of happiness; and Harry Graham will look down with pleased eyes from his better home to turn you cheerfully bearing the burdens of life."

"No! no!" she cried, releasing herself from his arm. "Happiness is dead for me in this world. My joys, my hopes, are buried in his grave. The light of this earth-life has gone out for me."

"All right," growled the other, somewhat surly. "Don't make it later than Friday."

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"She's coming to, sir. She'll have her senses again in five minutes, and maybe sooner."

On the receipt of this intelligence, he hastened down stairs, procured a carriage, and had it drawn up to the ladies' entrance.

A thousand thanks for your kind sympathy," he said, but with something of her voice that caused him that her soul had withdrawn from the body and hidden itself beyond his reach somewhere in the depths of consciousness. "I had no provision of the terrible nature of this man's story, or you should not have heard it so rudely told."

"You distress me beyond measure," he replied, still retaining her hand. "Though the brightest star were quenched in the heavens the galaxy would still shine. You have friends yet, the warmest and truest."

"You are right. I know that I have been acting selfishly. And yet it is difficult to bear smiles on the face and tears at the heart."

"There is no need for tears. The world is yet wide, and your friends are many. Do not imagine that it is bound within the narrow circle of a single grief. I, myself, Miss Worthington, short a time as I have known you, have learned to regard you as I never before regarded woman."

"I know! I know!" she hastily replied.

"We have a common sorrow, and have been thrown together in moments of deep feeling. Your family has been enlisted in my favor, and you imagine a momentary impulse is a fixed sentiment."

"It is not so," he replied, with an appearance of genuine warmth. "The feeling I allude to, is deep in my soul, and enduring as the world. I have not known you long, but have known you well—and have learned to love you with all the fervor of my nature."

Alice Worthington, I am no boy to be ventured at

"I have no boy to be ventured at."

"You are right," he said, well satisfied with the progress he had made, and knowing that no more could safely be ventured at

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"Is it possible that it is you? What is the master, John? Who is the lady?"

"Harry Graham! by all that's magical! What good or bad star has brought you here at this moment?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simple, that you have not a moment for words. You have not been here in instant kidnapped from my side, and is in that marriage, really disappearing from sight."

"Alice?" exclaimed Graham, in an indescribable tone, in which dread, wonder, and despair seemed closely mingled.

"It is she!" cried Passmore, darting rapidly up the street, followed by his astonished friend. "Who they are, or what their object, for the life of me I cannot guess," he panted out, as they ran on, at full speed, side by side.

"My God!" cried Graham, half beside himself with sudden horror. "We shall lose them! They have run into the street ahead, and are out of sight."

They ran on, shouting in vain for the police, while a number of persons, attracted by their cries, turned and joined in the pursuit. When they reached the corner of the street into which the carriage had turned it was out of sight.

Graham was stopped in his headlong pursuit by his friend.

"This is useless," cried the latter. "We can never overtake them on foot."

"Why not hasten to the police headquarters, and have the master telegraphed over the city?" said one of the citizens, who had joined in the pursuit, and had been, from a distance, a witness of the abduction.

"You can scarcely escape from the city, if all the police are set on the alert."

"You are right, sir," said Passmore. "I thank you for your suggestion, which I will act on immediately."

Graham restrained with difficulty by the firm grasp which his friend kept upon his arm, now broke from him, and pounced upon a rugged lad, who was passing curiously into the small crowd that had collected.

"This boy was concerned in the matter!" he cried. "I saw him run up to the carriage and signal the men in it a moment before the abduction."

"You are right," said the gentleman who had spoken before. "I also noticed his movements. Speak, boy, who are those men?"

"I dunno," said the lad, rolling his sharp eyes around, if for a chance to escape.

"Don't lie, my boy, or it will be worse for you. We know the boy is connected with them, and you will be punished severely if you fail to tell the whole truth."

"Bliss! if a felon can tell what he doesn't know. Then men got me to look out for a lady and gentleman, wot they say was a coming. That's what I did, and I dunno nothing more about it." The lad gave a slight start as his roving eyes met the gaze of Mr. Passmore. The latter had more control, and looked with utter recognition into the shrewd face of Patsy.

"What is your name, and where do you live?" queried the gentleman.

"My name is Johnny Brown, and I live down there," pointing over his shoulder toward the poorer quarter of the city. "I tell you them fellers was to give me a half, and they gone and han't give me a red, and if you want any more out of me you've got to pay me."

"The boy knows nothing about it, and we are wasting precious moments here," said Graham, impatiently, letting go his price.

"He knows more than he will confess," said the other speaker, grasping Patsy as he was sliding out of the crowd. "We will take him with us to the police station. He may be known to the officers, or they may be able to make him speak the truth."

The lad, however, saw the matter in a different light. He went along quietly enough till near the dreaded precipice in question, when with a sudden stop he broke loose from the grasp on his shoulder, and darting like a swallow through the small throng that surrounded, was in an instant lost among a dark crowd. The two men, with an admiration that closely resembled an oath, stared after him. It was evident to all, however, that the boy would not be caught.

The police authorities were duly made acquainted with the affair, and at once telegraphed the details to all the stations through the city, instructing the officers to be on the alert to capture the carriage, as described.

The two friends, unable to do anything more for the time, sat down to await the result of this action. Graham was so full of nervous excitement as to be unable to sit still for a moment. He leaped to his feet, and paced the floor excitedly. His companion, on the contrary, coolly lit his cigar, and smoked away with perfect nonchalance.

"How comes it that you and Alice are in Baltimore together?" suddenly asked Graham, as though he had for the first time occurred to him.

Passmore told him the circumstances, substantially as the reader already knows them, and questioned in his turn.

"What brings you here, you that were reported in the papers as dangerously ill, and whom we were hastening to Richmond to nurse back to health?"

The papers wished to make the most of a poor story. I swallowed a little more water than thirst demanded, that was all, and I was all right after a couple of days. Have you any conception who these men are? Do you think the abduction was meant for Alice in particular?"

"I have no theory about it, and am too much interested in the affair as yet to make any."

Graham, with a gesture of nervous impatience, resumed his walk, showing only by a biting of his under lip the bitter throes of agony that was rending his heart.

At this moment a policeman approached them and reported that a carriage with a pair of gray horses, and otherwise answering the description, had just been seen, driven furiously along a street in the northern portion of the city. The officer who saw it had attempted to stop it, but had narrowly escaped being trampled under the horses' feet. The carriage had driven on with increased speed, and was probably already in the open country to the north.

"We must get horses and pursue them!"

"It is our only hope," cried Graham, rushing to the door, followed more leisurely by his friend.

Horses were readily procured at a stable in the neighborhood, the proprietor of which was acquainted with Passmore. In a few moments they were mounted on a pair of steeds, the owner of which loudly vouches for their speed. Turning into a street leading northward, they were in a moment more clattering fiercely over the stones of Baltimore.

Putting their horses to their mettle, they soon left the city behind them, and struck into a turnpike road leading northward. Here they broke into a greater speed than it was safe to do in the city streets, and rode silently and swiftly over the dark, lonely road, which they had reason to believe was the route the fugitives had taken.

This bounding flight deserved the miles, yet it seemed a lagging pace to Harry Graham, in the fierce impatience of his feelings, and the bitter dread that filled his brain. Passmore rode as if equally anxious to overtake the fugitives, though occasionally a shadow of vexation crossed his face, showing he did not altogether relish the change of programme into which circumstances had driven him.

The night was somewhat cloudy, but a moon near its full rode behind the flying clouds, sending a dim lustre to earth, and faintly lighting their road. Mile after mile was passed without a sign of their quest

being seen, and without abatement in their rapid progress.

Farm houses and unbroken residences were passed, villages left behind, their inhabitants gazing with wondering eyes on this pair of wild horses, long dashes of lonely road traversed, but nothing met their straining eyes as evidence that they were pursuing other than a phantom.

A cooler man than Graham would have inquired of the various persons passed concerning the object of their quest, but he was too deeply occupied with the one thought to think of other means than that of contentious pursuit.

At length, as they neared the summit of a long incline, up which they had been forced to slacken their impetuous speed, the horses were given signs of fatigue, the horses broke from the veil of clouds, and rode into a patch of clear sky, pouring a flood of silver light over the whole landscape.

Looking with keen vision along the descending downward slope, Graham saw, at the foot of the hill, lit by these soft beams, a carriage drawn by a pair of whitish-colored horses.

It was about a quarter of a mile ahead and appeared to be standing still, the driver being on the ground beside it.

"See," he cried exultingly. "We have them!" Giving his horse a touch of the whip he rode down the hill at a break-neck speed, followed more leisurely by his cooler companion.

In a minute more he was beside the carriage, whose driver stood aghast at this sudden appearance descending upon him.

Pulling his horse sharply he leaped to the ground, and, with almost the same movement flung open the carriage door.

It was empty.

The gush of disappointment that ran through his brain at this was almost too much for his strength to bear. He turned fiercely to the driver.

"Wretched, where are they?"

"Who?" asked the driver in a tone of wonder.

Graham did not reply. His eye had caught a white object in the bottom of the carriage. Instantly grasping it he proved to be a handkerchief, in whose corner plainly appeared the initials, A. & G.

"See here, John," he cried with wild exultation. "Here is evidence beyond dispute. He grasped the driver by the collar with a fierceness that sent that individual shaking to his knees.

"Where are they?" he reiterated. "Your life depends on your true answer. I will show you your rascally brains out if you attempt to lie to me about it."

"They heard you coming," said the fellow in trembling tones. "My horses were used up. They jumped over the fence and crossed that field into the woods there."

"The lady with them?" asked Graham, turning the man's face, so that he could see his features in the moonlight.

"You can bargain with them, and let me know their demand, with the understanding that their task will be made so easy that they shall have no trouble or risk in earning their money."

"That looks fair. But I'm not acquainted here. Can't you get the porter?"

"Perhaps I may. And now as to the security for your honesty."

The lad uttered a large pocket-book, which he took from some deep receptacle in his voluminous coat. From this he carefully abstracted a strip of paper the size of a bank check, and sitting down at the desk proceeded to fill it up and sign it. This he handed before the eyes of his visitor, who started violently on reading the name just written.

"Where did you get that name?" he cried, his lips growing white with anger or fear.

"Did you think that I did not know you, John Patsy?" replied the other, confronting his visitor with eyes that gleamed with an inscrutable emotion. "It is my life to know you men like you know by hearing merchant Philadelphia by that name, or see by my handwriting, it is right enough. Mum is the word."

"But that is his exact signature!" It is a forged check you have there."

"Exactly. And the night your thiefs come to hand, this 18th year, with letters that will send me to the state prison, if you want."

"I see. That is enough. I will accept the security; to be handed back when we make a settlement."

"Yeth. You've got wit, John Patsy." replied the man, and continued in a deprecating tone. "Don't blame me, gentlemen. They hired me to take an insane man to the asylum, and when they got the carriage one of them threatened me with a pistol the whole drive."

"It is true, John," said Graham, looking over the fence, where the moon shone brightly.

"The grass is trampled here by fresh footstep. You keep guard a few minutes over this innocent fellow, and I will try to track them."

Without waiting for an answer he leaped over the fence, and in a minute more disappeared within the edge of the wood.

Passmore looked after him with a curious smile, then suddenly crying, "What is that round the bend of the road?" he gave his horse the rein and disappeared round the dark corner. The two men, with an admiration that closely resembled an oath, stared after him. It was evident to all, however, that the boy would not be caught.

The police authorities were duly made acquainted with the affair, and at once telegraphed the details to all the stations through the city, instructing the officers to be on the alert to capture the carriage, as described.

The two friends, unable to do anything more for the time, sat down to await the result of this action. Graham was so full of nervous excitement as to be unable to sit still for a moment. He leaped to his feet, and paced the floor excitedly. His companion, on the contrary, coolly lit his cigar, and smoked away with perfect nonchalance.

At length he stopped at the private door of a house only distinguished from the others by being somewhat larger, and ringing the bell was admitted without delay.

In the entry, lighted by a low gas jet, stood a woman, who inspected the visitor with curious eyes.

"Does not Mr. Gantly live here?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

Please tell him that I would like to see him," he continued, handing her a card.

The woman disappeared, but in a few moments returned, requesting him to walk upstairs.

He was ushered into a front room on the second floor, a room rather poorly but neatly furnished. Against the front wall stood a writing desk, with pigeon-holes, garnished with papers, and in the centre was a table with a lamp, and a small chair. The windows, whose frames were of pine, showed a view of the city.

Turning into the room, he saw a man of middle age, with a kindly countenance, whose features showed that they chiefly referred to commercial law, and cognate subjects.

By this table sat an old man of singular appearance. His cast of features was distinctly Jewish, though they were in a great measure hid by an immense brown beard that covered the lower half of his face, and hung down half way to his waist.

His hair was less profuse, and appeared to be long gone, though he was a young youth.

He was scarcely left the room are the face of the Jew broke into a silent convulsion of laughter.

"Food, with all your wit," he muttered.

"You think to frighten me then. We shall see."

Hastily grasping an old slouched hat that lay on a chair in the corner, he stooped down, and, shrinking till his clothes hung still more loosely upon him. His eyes seemed unable to meet the piercing glance of Passmore, and wandered uncertainly about the room.

"Don't fear. Play fairly with me, and you are safe," said the merchant, smiling.

"But the least attempt at treachery will be sure to have an effect."

"The current of my thoughts is with you."

"I have enough of that," said Passmore.

"No, you needn't mind," he continued, waving back the other, who would have followed him. "I will find the way out."

In a moment more his step was heard descending the stairs, as lightly as though he were an innocent youth of twenty.

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"Don't fear. Play fairly with me, and you are safe," said the merchant, smiling.

"I don't know you," he said, at length.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

heard the news. She had no option but to take Cerise upon her father's death. She looked upon the child's early marriage as a relic of the dark ages. One late Winter evening she descended into her parlor to welcome the little traveller. As Aunt Jemima's tall, gaunt figure appeared before the child, she clung closely to her nurse and gazed timidly at her relative, who was regarding her with a slightly cold look. Having finished her inspection Miss Racanier held out her hand, saying briskly, "Come here, child."

Cerise obeyed, and her aunt tilted back her head and scrutinized the upturned face as coolly as though it was a milk jug whose contents she was examining. Cerise, having recovered from her timidity, returned the compliment. After a minute or two, Miss Jemima pushed her away, muttering: "Humpf! Looks like her mother. No trace of our family in her face. A perfect gyp."

In truth Cerise's dark Oriental beauty never found favor in her aunt's eyes.

When Miss Racanier thrust her aside little Cerise took refuge at her nurse's side, and said in an audible whisper:

"Nurse, what makes her nose so red and shiny? She's *awful* ugly."

Miss Racanier never forgave the child for her thoughts.

Little Cerise was brought up after a plan originated by Aunt Jemima; it consisted in keeping her immersed in a house four miles from any town, allowing her no companions, dressing her in the plainest possible manner, and scolding her without ceasing. In spite of all this, Cerise could not be made a model girl—her spirits were never affected by her aunt's incessant fault finding. She would escape as quickly as possible, run off into the woods, and there forget all her troubles in wonderingchildishly what the great world was like. As she grew older she began to dislike the very name of her husband, for Aunt Jemima always answered, when she begged to be permitted to go out a little more, "You must remember that you are married."

One day as the girl was sitting with her head in her old nurse's lap, she said suddenly:

"Nurse, do you know I'm afraid I hate my husband!"

"Why, deary?"

"Yes, I know it's wicked, and it will end in my going to perdition, as Aunt Jemima always says I will; but it's true, nurse, it's awful to think that I belong to him!" and Cerise shuddered as though it was too terrible even to speak. The next minute she laughing gayly and was chasing her spaniel, like a very child, leaving Agnes, who loved her nursing as though it were own, sorely perplexed as to her real feelings. About a year before Max returned, Aunt Jemima went the way of all flesh, believing devoutly that she had died not duty to her niece.

Max had informed his wife to the world, and night after night was the whirl of gayety. As Cerise looked back she saw that her childhood. She had believed that if she could only mingle with the world, let her husband be or do what he might, she would be happy. Now she found how insufficient such things are, and, though she was seemingly the gayest of the gay, there was a terrible trouble weighing on her heart and clouding her life, and that trouble was her husband. She could not love him, and the idea that she was forced to live with him forbade all liking. Cerise was no heroine, but only common clay. Instead of battling against her dislike for Max, she brooded over it, we might almost say, cherished it, until she was almost driven wild. Imaginative, she construed his slightest words into insults; and, impulsively, she said everything that rose to her tongue. Max's ideas of grace and all manner of good about this time, and we find, beginning the one thought of himself. "I must conquer, I will, because—" and here he would stop, while a strange new light would come into the cold gray eyes; not even to himself would he put his idea into words.

One night as Cerise sat by the fire thinking, and deluding herself into the belief that Max was a heartless tyrant, the fire-light flashing on her wedding-ring caught her attention. Taking her left hand in her other she raised it and kissed between her closed teeth:

"This is the badge of my servitude! How I hate it, and the man who placed it there! and she flung her hand from her with such force that it struck the sharp edge of the marble mantel and fell back into her lap and cracked severely. The crimson blood trickled unheeded upon the white satin, for the agony of the girl's mind was too great to allow her to see what she had done.

At the breakfast-table Max looked earnestly at the cut hand, an' Cerise noticing this wrapped her handkerchief around it and looked guiltily at him. After they had risen from the table he came to her side, and before she could prevent him caught the wounded hand tightly in both his own.

"How did you hurt your hand so badly? Look, it is literally crushed!"

Cerise made a frantic effort to snatch her hand away, but he held it fast, looking intently at her meanwhile. Another, and another unsuccessful effort to free herself and then she gasped:

"Take your hand from mine, this instant, or I hate you. Can you not see how I feel toward you? Never dare to touch me!"

Max looked at her in evident amazement, then laughed discordantly, and said:

"Are you crazy? I almost believe you are; and he raised his hands as though she were a child, and placing her in the chair from which she had sprung, added: "Don't get excited. I'm going."

His laugh had little mirth in it as he left the room. In the hall he stopped a moment and muttered hoarsely, "God help me! I am hopeless."

Left alone, tears of bitter anger and mortification forced themselves from Cerise's eyes. The last she shed, poor child, for long, weary days.

From this time the merry laugh was never heard, the epithet sparkle died from her eyes forever, and complete despair was interwoven in her whole life. "I could not bear to look at him; I am utterly and entirely in his power—entirely in his power." The girl was learning a hard, bitter phase of life, and under its influence was rapidly becoming a woman.

Max saw the change, but only half understood it. Her face was never turned toward him now with graceful malice speaking from every curve and dimple; the glowing, elish light faded from her eyes. The maid was fast becoming a cold, haughty woman; proud, almost insolent to her husband. Max bore her behaviour to him with marvellous patience. He, whom men called harsh and exacting, was to the woman who tried him in every imaginable way, forbearing and long-suffering. And why? Because, dear reader, he had learned his lesson, the same sweet, old, wise lesson. Adam in Paradise—he loved her. Loved her not mildly, but so passionately, fervently and earnestly, that all other emotions seemed to resolve themselves into this one.

Languid and weak during the day, Cerise seemed to gain fresh strength and vigor with the gas-lights, and, donning, sun to speak, her mask and domino, went into the gay world, where she carried off the palm for wit, mirth and brilliancy.

Ever since there has been a world, philosophers have grumbled over its uncharitable-ness and especially over the readiness of one woman to think and speak evil of another. Although Cerise lived some thousand years after the creation, there was no improvement either in the world or its inhabitants. With youth, beauty and riches, Cerise had to run the gauntlet among the

elite of society, and people's tongues, especially women's, lashed her cruelly. These wounds were given behind her back by women who met her night after night with smiles and boned words. The women who slandered her most cruelly were not angels; what they might have been was in different, but now the clay and stains on their once angel-garb of purity gave evidence of many a trip and stumble in the pathway of life; and so they went on forgetful that—

"Selling another will not make one's self clean."

But in truth Cerise's conduct was hardly protest. When she entered the brilliantly-lighted parlors she seemed to fling all care to the winds, and laughing, dancing, and even flirting, spent night after night. Whenever she went a crowd of gentlemen attended her, and she lavished smiles and pleasant words upon every one except her husband. Max tried gently to persuade her to go out, but she heard him carelessly, and paid no attention to his wishes, and he did not press the point, seeing how she seemed to enjoy the constant excitement of the gay world.

"Anything rather than thought, nurse," she answered when old Agnes implored her to stay more at home. "In Cerise's case drifts into the west, wilfully blinding herself to what might come of her."

Among her most devoted cavaliers was John Hautagne. Handsome, rich, with good birth and social position, he had no objection to a flirtation with a pretty married woman. In his own words, "It was deemed safer to flirt with a married woman than a single one. No danger of getting hooked, and if a grand *froissé* comes, sir, the woman gets all the blame by George!"

When questioned by his gentlemen (?) friends about this little *affair de cœur*, and when some one went so far as to declare that she was evidently smitten, he gave such an answer as could be construed into either an admission or a denial that it was true. This, together with Cerise's apparent indifference to her husband, had incited him to Hautagne, who gave an air of veracity to the report.

Max had had a great deal abroad that he was about this time employed in, and day and getting his affairs into order, consequently he very rarely went out with his wife. Cerise drifted on and on, seeming to be in danger of being dragged down and lost in the hungry tide which had engulfed so many thousand unfortunate women. Still she resolutely put aside all thought, looking neither forward nor backward. Except when excited, her face was colorless and her step languid. At night her rest was broken by a sharp, hacking cough. Old Agnes tried in vain to get her to take medicine. The girl laughing recklessly, answered:

"My darling, my darling!" Then he left the room softly and entered his study, looking ten years older than the night before.

About three o'clock that day Max had received a letter informing him that Mona, Rengras, a distant cousin of his, was slowly dying of an incurable disease at a little French town. This man had been kind to Max when he was first sent abroad, and had proved a true friend. He desired to go to her, but his wife would not let him go alone and friends; it was his duty to go at once.

"Cerise, for Heaven's sake, don't be so foolish. Once for all—"

"Do you? Then you will learn not to conclude so hastily," she returned, stiling a yawn.

"Cerise, for Heaven's sake, spare me!"

"Do you? Then you will learn not to conclude so hastily," she returned, stiling a yawn.

"Cerise, for Heaven's sake, don't be so foolish. Once for all—"

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"Cerise, for Heaven's sake, don

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BY WALTER H. PORTER.

These old songs she used to sing,
Many a mild, pathetic strain,
The while she touched the harp's soft string,
How they haunt my brain.
She used to sing,
In every beat and start,
Sing them o'er again, my heart.
In the quiet evening hours,
When the mind forgets its care,
O, friends! how music's lofty power,
Brought me back to earth.
As to the evening-prayer,
Let the sacred time be given
When the soul is nearest heaven.
Wake the strain—such melody!
How power to move!—otherwise;
The old, old, old memory
Appears in midmost guile.
Calls tears into the eyes,
Haggar by the hand of woe,
Losing track for long ago.

And those old songs she used to sing,
Love's hopes and fears for the refrain,
Apollo's bow and Cupid's wing,
Ring them o'er again;
And in each beat and start,
Find echo in my heart.

A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD;

OR,

THE SECRET FEUD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXXV.
THE PRIVATE MAD-HOUSE.

When Victor recovered from the effects of the opiate that Miles Rugby had administered in the wine he had drunk, he found himself the occupant of a close carriage in which two other men were seated.

He could not see their faces for it was night, and the rays of the single lamp burning on the carriage-box penetrated the interior but dimly.

"Where are we going?" he asked, raising himself on one elbow.

"To see off the sweetheart," replied the man with a coarse laugh.

Victor started. Like a flash he remembered of what had happened broke open his mind. He had left Dora behind in that vile den in Hook Dock! Was she there still?

Much against his inclinations, he found himself compelled to consult his companions. It did no good, however. They feigned entire ignorance of Dora.

"Don't borrow trouble, young sir," said one of them, with a leer. "If the lass is safe, you may be sure she will be taken care of."

Of course such a speech did not tend to reassure him. He dropped his head in his hands, and sighed heavily. In thinking of Dora he quite forgot himself, and to wonder why he was being borne away at dead of night in this manner.

The carriage stopped. Victor started to the door, and would have sprung out, but a heavy hand was dropped on his arm, restraining him.

"Not so fast, my good friend," said a voice. "Last's manners."

Not a little surprised, he waited for the two men to descend. Then he followed them, and found himself standing on the starlight, just outside a handsome iron gate.

The city had been left so far behind that not a trace of it was to be discovered here.

He waited in some impatience while his companions rung a small bell. After a brief delay, steps approached the gate from the other side, and a key was inserted in the lock.

"Who's there?" was asked somewhat gruffly.

"Friends from Hook Dock."

At that the gate flew open, and Victor was pushed within the enclosure, where a gray-haired man with a lantern stood waiting.

A gloomy-looking mansion in the midst of spacious and well-kept grounds, loomed up before him.

He had barely observed this much when the gate closed behind him with a clang, and he saw graybeard look it again.

For the first time, he thought of his own forlorn situation, and a feeling of apprehension seized him. Before he could speak of it, however, he was led up a gravel-walk, though a spacious hall, and so on to a handsomely-furnished drawing-room.

Here, two or three lamps were burning dimly. Victor had scarcely glanced round the apartment when a door at the other end opened noiselessly, and a smooth-faced, well-posed man of about sixty appeared on the threshold.

"Step this way, if you please," he said, beckoning the way to approach after a moment's sharp scrutiny.

Victor led the way, without the slightest hesitation. The gentleman smiled benignantly upon him as he passed, pointed to a seat, and then held out his hand to one of the men who had brought our hero to this place.

A paper was dropped into the extended hand. "From Miles," said the man then turned on his heel and disappeared, together with his companion and graybeard.

Victor heard the sharp clicking of a spring, and then looked up to find himself alone in the room with the gentlemanly man.

The latter unfolded the paper which had been given him, read the few lines written on it, then turned quickly to Victor.

"Let me welcome you to the House," he said, smiling.

The young man drew back so if he had been struck. "Belgrave House?" he asked, sharply. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Simply that you are now a guest in that admirably conducted establishment."

Victor stared hard at him and began to tremble.

"Who are you?" he gasped.

"Benjamin Sykes, at your service," was the brief response.

"Good God!"

The truth broke on his mind like a flash. Miles Rugby was at the bottom of this. He had made himself obnoxious to that gentleman, and now must suffer the consequences.

He darted to the door, and laid his hand on the handle. It refused to turn. He beat and kicked upon the pane, but, might just have broken his strength and scratch from. At last he desisted, and reached to the window. They were high up, and protected with stout iron bars. A glance told him that escape in this direction was wholly out of the question.

He heard Mr. Sykes chuckling softly to himself. Then he dashed up to him and demanded—

"What does this mean? Am I to be detained here against my will?"

"For the present—yes."

Mr. Sykes tapped his forehead significantly.

"I am sure you ought to know, sir. You were brought here for your own good."

"It's a lie," Victor burst out, furiously.

"You villain, I know the sort of hell I'm in! It's a private mad-house. And you want to make it appear that I am mad."

"That's about the long and short of it, sir."

"You are in Miles Rugby's pay. He is afraid of me, and for that reason wishes to confine me here."

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And those old songs she used to sing,
Love's hopes and fears for the refrain,
Apollo's bow and Cupid's wing,
Ring them o'er again;
And in each beat and start,
Find echo in my heart.

He touched a bell at his side, and three men came hastening into the room.

"Seize that madman," he cried, pointing at Victor. "But take care. He's dangerous."

Victor ducked a little, and then put out both hands toward the door with a look as though he might have mated a heart of stone.

"Don't touch me," he said, in a low, intense tone. "I'm as sane as you are. And I'll prove it to you, if you will give me the chance."

"Seize him!" shouted Sykes.

The man slowly advanced. "Are you going to listen to that devil yonder?" cried Victor, in despair. "I tell you he is paid for detaining me here. And I am not the only sane man who has been outraged in this manner."

"Seize him!" shouted Sykes again, now pale with anger.

The man no longer hesitated. Victor saw that all was up with him, and he determined to sell his liberty dearly.

He made a sudden dash among the men and gave the foremost of a hand-hold to the one that dashed that. The second he skilfully managed to trip up in passing; and he closed with the right in a sleepless struggle.

It lasted only a moment, however. Then he felt his arms gripped from behind, and held fast while a pair of handcuffs were slipped over them.

It was Sykes who had seized him in this manner. "You cursed young rebel," hissed Victor, ceasing to struggle. But he stood gazing at his captor in anger fury.

"If there is such a thing as justice in this world, I'll be even with you yet before I die."

"Bah!" sneered Sykes. "We do not fear you."

Victor did understand. His eyes flashed with a look of contempt.

"No; but you will some day. The angels of Heaven may interfere to confound such wickedness."

The villain laughed contemptuously.

"We don't deal with that sort of person here. You'd better keep quiet."

Then he turned to the men.

"Take him away. Put him in the padded room. He shall have a straight-jacket if he doesn't mind what he is about."

CHAPTER XXXVI. A VILLAINOUS PROPOSITION.

The men obeyed in silence. They showed Victor toward the door by which they had themselves gained admittance to the room (it was a door ingeniously concealed in the wood-work), dragged him along two or three passages, and finally pushed him into a small padded room, where he sank exhausted upon the smooth stone floor, and then carefully locked him in.

"This is Miles Rugby's doing," muttered the unfortunate young man. "I know too much for his safety. He will kill me, starve me, or else keep me here for weary years, as he has kept that other unfortunate whom I have been instrumental in saving."

Then he panted and sighed and gnashed his teeth when he thought of the misery his incarceration was likely to bring upon others.

"Oh, Dora, my lost love! What will become of you both, now that I am not by to protect you from the machinations of a hard heart?"

The carriage stopped. Victor started to the door, and would have sprung out, but a heavy hand was dropped on his arm, restraining him.

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Helena, rising with an effort, and striving to be calm. "Have you any idea what time Jessie left the house?"

"Not the slightest idea, because I was asleep at the time. Fritz says—though there's no getting confidence in him—now, where about midnight, he used a woman passing through the storm, and singing out: 'Murder!' But, of course, he was dreaming."

"Oh, miserable Heaven! then it was no dream! I can't bear to say nothing."

"Oh, miserable Heaven! then it was no dream! On my part, since I heard it too. Oh, this is dreadful!" said Helena, wringing her hands.

"Miss Helena, what has happened?" said Mrs. Ben, growing very pale.

"Oh, Mrs. Ben! Heaven help you, Jessie!"

"Jessie! What of her?" cried Mrs. Ben, grasping a chair to steady herself.

"Oh, Mrs. Ben, must I tell you? Jessie has, fear, gone out last night in the storm and—Oh, Heaven!—Helena, sinking into a chair, with a convulsive shudder.

"And what? Miss Helena? Tell me—she was away in the storm?" said Mrs. Ben, striving to strangle her tremulous voice.

"Oh, worse, worse I fear—still worse!" said Helena, wildly.

"Oh, my soul! what has happened? Oh, Jessie, dear Jessie, where are you?"

"Jessie has, I fear, been waylaid and—"

"Murder! Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Ben, falling back in her chair, and covering her face with her hands.

There was a moment's awful silence. Then Mrs. Ben, who, no matter what the emergency, never allowed her ever-practiced mind to be long overcomitted, dropped her hands from before her face, and thought she was frightfully pale, said, in a voice whose firmness astonished Helena.

"What makes you think so, Helena? My poor little Jessie had not an enemy in the world."

"Oh, she had—she had!" cried Helena, thinking with bitter remorse, how intensely she herself had hated her.

"Who was it?" said Mrs. Ben, starting up. "No one but a monster could have hurt one hair of her gentle head. Miss Helena, who do you think has done it?"

"I do not know—As Heaven hears me, I do not know," said Helena, recovering herself.

"What makes you think she was murdered?" said Mrs. Ben, who by this time had recovered all her customary composure, and now fixed her piercing eyes keenly on Helena.

"Last night, I too, by your nephew, heard the cry of murder," said Helena, shuddering at the recollection; "and early this morning I discovered in a bush down near the shore, a pocket-handkerchief, stained with blood, and marked with her name."

"Where is the handkerchief?"

"It is there still. I did not touch it."

"Come, then, and show me the place," said Mrs. Ben, a sudden passionate outburst of sorrow breaking through all the composure she was endeavoring to assume.

Without exchanging a word, they hurried to the spot where the ghastly handkerchief still fluttered in the breeze.

"Oh, it is hers!" exclaimed Mrs. Ben. "They have murdered her on the beach, and the tide has swept her away! Oh, Jessie, Jessie!"

And bowing her face in her hands, for the first time she wept passionately.

There was a long pause, broken only by Mrs. Ben's convulsive sobs. Helena stood weeping with her own bitter thoughts, not daring to break in upon her grief by any useless words of comfort.

At last Mrs. Ben looked up, her tears seemingly changed to sparks of fire.

"Who has done this? You know?" she said, gloomily, laying her hand on Helena's arm.

"Heaven be merciful! I do not."

"Have you no idea? Is there no clue? Speak—if for there is no law or justice in the land, those who have done this deed shall suffer."

"The only clue is one so slight that even now I do not know whether I really saw it or dreamt that I did," said Helena, her heart thumping.

"Speak, and tell me what it is. I must know," said Mrs. Ben, with a sort of grim vengeance.

"Then listen. Last night, after the moon rose—some two hours, I should judge, after I heard that cry of murder—on going to the window to look out, I perceived a boat push off from the shore, containing the forms of two men, but so speedily did they vanish from sight that I had but little time to catch the dark outline of their figures, and all passed so quickly that I am still half disposed to believe it the effect of fancy."

"No boat could reach the island in the storm last night," said Mrs. Ben, still keeping her gloomy eyes fixed on Helena's face.

"I know that, and that is the principal reason for supposing what I saw to be the effect of fancy. And yet—and yet some one must have been here, else how are we to account for the committing of the deed?—What could have induced Jessie to go out in such a storm, and at such an hour?"

"I do not know. It is all wrapped in mystery," said Mrs. Ben, taking the handkerchief, and turning away, "but I'll find it out—I'll discover the murderers, if I should spend my whole life in seeking for them myself."

"What do you mean to do, Mrs. Ben?" said Helena, anxiously.

"To have the island searched for the first thing, that you will let Evan come and help."

"Of course. But would it not be a better plan to go over to Glenleath immediately, inform the authorities, and let them investigate the matter?"

"Fritz shall take me over at once," said Mrs. Ben.

"I will accompany you," said Helena.

"We may both be needed to give evidence."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Then she took up the burden of life again, saying only: "It might have been a dream, but I have had many such, for us all. Who vainly the dreams of hope recall. For all words of lip or pen, The sadness are these, 'It might have been—'

With the cold rain falling in her face, the colder wind fanning her brow, Jessie awoke from that deep swoon that had been mistaken for death.

She opened her eyes and gazed vacantly around, but all was dark as Erebus. There was a roaring sound as of many waters in her ears—a vague, dull sense of some awful calamity—a heavy, suffocating feeling in her chest—a misty consciousness of some one supporting her head. Dark and dreary was the night around, but darker and drearer lay the heart in her bosom. Memory made a faint effort to regain the power to recall some dreadful scene that pressed like leaden weights on her bosom, but in vain. Only that dull aching at her heart, only some faint unutterable sorrow, that was all.

Bodily, as well as mentally, every faculty was prostrated. She made an effort to know where she was; but her lips moved in vain—no word came forth. She strove to rise, but at the first faint motion a sudden pang like a

dagger thrust pierced her breast, and she fell back in a deadly swoon once more.

When she awoke again, she was in a bed, with a bright sunshine shining in broad patches on the floor. Memory had not yet recovered its throne, and that last dreadful night she was mournfully prevented from recalling anything. She strove in vain to collect her thoughts—nothing could be remembered; only that strange aching—that vague, unspoken something that lay on her heart still.

She cast her eyes, in a sort of languid amaze, about the room where she lay with a dreamy wonder how she got there. She saw indistinctly, as we see things in a dream, a small, square room, with a rough, unpolished floor, two chairs, a table, a few grotesque articles, a bottle, a basin, and a glass filled with some sort of dark liquid, stood near the head of the bed on which she lay.

One question more—one on which more than life or strength depended. Herbert!—

"Then wants to ask how I came on the island that night, does that not?"

She made a faint motion in the affirmative.

"That would be too long a story for the woman never raised her eyes to look at her after that one careless passing glance, every faculty being apparently absorbed by her straw and her kitten. In years, she might have been five-and-thirty, with a face which, in spite of its total want of personal beauty, was singularly beautiful. Her hair, dark, wavy, hair flitted like black ravelled silk over her fair, sloping shoulders. Every feature was beautifully chiselled, her complexion dazzling fair, almost transparent; and her large, black, brilliant eyes magnificent, despite their vacant idiotic stare. Her hands and feet were of most aristocratic smallness and whiteness; for she wore neither shoes nor stockings. Her dress was of coarse brown serge, but it could not mar the beautiful form it covered.

Moments passed unheeded, while Jessie stood gazing sadly on the lovely wreck of womanhood before her, and wondering what could have driven her insane, and why she and this man dwelt alone, so far removed from the world, in this desolate. She wondered what relation he had to her father. He could not be her father—he was not old enough for that; neither could he be her brother, they were too totally dissimilar in looks. Perhaps he was her husband, but even that did not seem probable. While she thus idly speculated, the woman suddenly arose, and clasping her kitten in her arms, turned and walked rapidly away in the direction of the woods, without once glancing at Jessie, and was soon lost to sight amid the trees.

"Who can she be?" thought Jessie. "It is certainly the same one I saw that night on the island, though she was raving mad, and this one seems perfectly harmless. I thought her a ghost that night, and fainted, and he had told Mrs. Ben some story of his own invention to account for it."

"The thoughts brought back the past so vividly to her mind that the man was forgotten, and sitting down on a fallen tree, she buried her face in her hands, and gave way to a passionate burst of grief.

"Then that is settled," said the man, with a smile. "And now that I have questioned the matter to the turn, Does this wish to ask anything?"

"Oh, yes, ever so many things," said Jessie; "but I am afraid you may not like that I may be offended."

"There is no danger of that, my daughter. I may not choose to answer some of my questions, but I will not be offended, let them say what they will."

"Well, then," said Jessie, with a faint smile, "to begin cathering after the same fashion as yourself, may I ask your name, and that of the lady who lives here?"

"The handsome woman with the dark hair and eyes? Yes," replied Jessie.

"Then that is settled," said the man, with a smile. "And now that I have questioned the matter to the turn, Does this wish to ask anything?"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

again for a time. It was thought by some that they would be in less danger if they travelled in small companies. Accordingly they separated again. The ladies went with the captain—who had hidden them in his hair—but his fate and that of his son, was almost unknown. The other party, which was led by the second mate, proceeded for some time, when another division took place; half of his company resolving to travel inland, and the others by the shore. Those who took the inland way were soon compelled by hunger to return to the coast, where they could procure shell-fish, which was their principal article of food. One of their company, Captain Talbot, was now quite exhausted. He and his servant were obliged to be left sitting side by side, and they were never again heard of. The others continued their long and painful journey. At one or two of the villages which they passed on their way, they tried to barter with the people, and in some cases they succeeded, but not often. The natives expected what was given to them in exchange for food, and then refused to complete their part of the bargain. At last they had nothing left to offer in exchange, and as the people refused to give them anything, they were obliged to subsist as well as they could upon shell-fish, now and then enjoying the luxury of a dead seal or whale which they found on the shore. At length they arrived at the entrance of a deep gulf, at which these words were traced on the sand: "Turn in here, and you will find plenty of wood and water." This convinced them that the other party had passed this way, and that they were ahead of them. But their dreadful privations and terrible journey were almost at an end.

Shortly after this they met two men belonging to the Dutch settlement, who were sent to see of their safety. These men treated them well. The travellers related to them their story, and it was found that their journey had lasted 117 days. Next morning a sheep was killed for them, and another Dutchman arrived with a cart and six horses to take the party to the Cape. To the great credit of the Dutch government, although they were at war with England, they sent out a large party in search of the unfortunate men who had been lost by their companions. Only twelve of the survivors were found.

Such, then, was the dream, and thus it came to pass that the circumstances which were brought before my grandmother, night after night, were realized. She had seen in her dream the shores of the African coast, and the great, steady ship sailing the broad ocean of that vast land, among the frowning rocks and the foam of ragged billows. When the news of the loss of the "Grosvenor" reached England, my grandfather gave up his wife and children for lost. He mourned for them, feeling as if he and his eldest child—the young, delicate girl whom he had brought home with him—were alone in the world.

Six months had passed away; he was at the house of his wife's mother at Kensington, when a carriage drove up to the door. It contained the wife of his youth, and their three blooming children. The joy was almost overpowering with which he beheld them. That faithful wife, with her usual energy and decision of character, had hastened from the vessel which had brought her safely to England, to be the first to communicate to him the safety of herself and their children. She had on board the vessel which that sail, and that was a Danish East Indiaman, and thus she returned to her husband, to unite with him and her children in blessing and thanking God for his great mercy to them in their wonderful escape.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

WHAT HIS WIFE HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIM.

[Interview in the San Francisco Morning Call.]

Reporter.—Where did Mr. Miller prepare his "Songs of the Sierras?"

Mrs. Miller.—In Grant County, Oregon. In fact, many of his poems were written in that country.

Reporter.—Has Mr. Miller ever visited the scene he describes?

Mrs. Miller.—Never! he gained all his knowledge of prairie and tropic from his reading.

Reporter.—He has given himself a rather fanciful appellation. Do you know how he received it?

Mrs. Miller.—He was a great admirer of Joaquin Murietta, the bandit, and one of the first persons he published depicted Murietta as a hero, which caused Mrs. Mary Miller, who was very well acquainted with Mr. Miller, to designate him as "Joaquin Miller." The name pleased him, and he resolved to assume it. The first volume he published was entitled "Joaquin et al." This is the origin of his *nom de plume*.

Reporter.—What do you think of his poems as productions of genius?

Mrs. Miller.—I would not, under any circumstances, detract from his literary fame; for he works hard, and has earned his reputation a poet dearly. He deserves the success to which he has attained, and I would not sulky his literary fame on any consideration.

Reporter.—He does not write as freely, as his poems might indicate?

Mrs. Miller.—Not at all. He labors over every word, culling a word here and a line there, and reads and re-reads before he is satisfied.

Reporter.—He appears to consider all women angels?

Mrs. Miller.—Silent angels, though. His ideal of a woman is a passive creature, over whom man must have complete and undisputed control. His poem "Even so," which I know was intended for myself, is a sample—

"I have not much to say, and she has no voice to give me audience; In anger I do not know what to think; I love her for her patient trust; And my love's fury-ford remains— A value I have not to learn."

That is his idea exactly, and he has acted it out in his whole life. Another portion of the poem speaks of—

"That road, brown, patient hand— Of her, that never rests till it returns."

Which I think is a true reflex of his sentiment in regard to woman. I consider his description very fine, but the idea he intends to convey is faulty.

Reporter.—He is far from being a poet, both as a poet and a man?

Mrs. Miller.—He has no conception of right or wrong, and I make that as an apology for many things he has done. He loves fine emotions, and neglects other and more important points. He has no affection whatever in his manner, bearing or demeanor.

Reporter.—His eccentricities are natural enough to him, I suppose.

Mrs. Miller.—He has whims; his life consists of whims; but I am inclined to think that many of his eccentricities, especially in his dress, are affected. It has been the dream of his life to imitate Byron, and he attempts it even in his walk. Lord Byron was lame until he became famous. In Oregon his step was firm and elastic. I am of the opinion that this is all affectation.

Reporter.—How long were you his wife?

Mrs. Miller.—It would have been ten years.

Reporter.—You have children living, have you not?

Mrs. Miller (smiling).—Three, Mand, Brick and Hair. Mand, my oldest, is eight years old. She resembles her father, and is as pretty as she can be. Hair is my youngest,

I call him "Prince Hair." My boys are handsome little fellas. Perhaps it is their mother's weakness to call her children beautiful, but surely it is a heavenly weakness, and I would do anything and sacrifice everything to contribute to their happiness. They are with my mother in Portland.

Reporter.—Their father must be very fond of them?

Mrs. Miller.—He was not unkind to them. He and his servant were obliged to be left sitting side by side, and they were never again heard of. The others continued their long and painful journey.

At one or two of the villages which they passed on their way, they tried to barter with the people, and in some cases they succeeded, but not often. The natives expected what was given to them in exchange for food, and then refused to complete their part of the bargain.

Reporter.—How did you not toward each other upon his return from London?

Mrs. Miller.—He had left me destitute, and I did not hear from him for a year, until Oregon became indignant and the press began to publish stories of his conduct. Then wrote to my husband and friend, and sent a written denial to the charges, which he asked me to publish. When he returned to Oregon, we met at the house of a friend, and met as friends.

PROFESSOR BANGEMWELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ELLA WHEELER.

"It is so perfectly unreasonable of you," panted Minnie McAlister, only and petted daughter of lawyer McAlister, and pretty and wilful as a pet kitten, "so perfectly unreasonable, and it is so impudent of that fellow to write and ask you for my hand, before I have set my eyes on him a time," interrupted her father.

"Oh, yes," with a tone of the daintiest head, "when he was in my first jacket, and I in my pinafore, I know all about that. Because we were two pretty children, and pleasant playmates, our stupid fathers said let us be friends, and we could be friends," and now, after twelve years, when I am seven feet tall, and he is twenty-one, the impudent creature really desires me to be true to that nonsensical trash, and writes to ask a re-removal of your consent."

"Which he certainly has."

"But which will do him no good to obtain," continued Minnie, "for I say positively, I will not see him, nor speak to him, nor glance at him if he comes here. If you write and tell him to come, I will run away to Hookwood, anyhow, and take vocal lessons. I know I have musical genius, if it were properly cultivated, and there is a splendid professor at Rochester, who has a large class in training. I want to join it, and he will leave all—father, mother, home, luxury!"

"Yes, gladly, if by so doing I can be born forever."

"He drew her closely to his breast, and kissed her tenderly. "Then little one, for I love you so truly you can forgive me for a little deception, I am sure. I have been playing a part, Minnie. I am not Prof. Bangemwell, I am not a music-teacher."

"Then who—what—" she began.

"Then I must explain. I am Walter Graham."

"She sprang from his arms, in wonder and amazement. "Walter Graham!" she repeated.

"Yes, Walter Graham. Your father wrote to me how utterly you scorned my suit. I had not, and could not forget my childhood fancy for you. Through all the years I have been in foreign lands I have remembered you, and hoped you would not forget the pledge made by our fathers. But I found you had forgotten, and that you refused to me that which I had given to your father, and that your father was writing me if I could not play the part of a teacher for a time, and stating the case as it stood. Fortunately, I had received a thorough musical education in Europe, which enabled me to play my part well. I did not need to disguise, as there was no danger of your recognizing me, and your father and mother were in the secret. I came, saw and conquered. Won't you forgive me my!"

"She crept into his arms. "Why I suppose I shall have to," she said, "for I love you so, I could not be angry with you."

"Just then her father came in. "Ho ho!" he cried, "you have concluded to accept that horrid, impudent, insolent fellow after all, Minnie? Well, well, I am glad my children that things have ended so happily."

"She took her professor Bangemwell, and if you look at this moment he would see you that a moment he would think you say anything but a sweet girl," she began.

"Then I wish you would call in an artist, and have my picture taken upon the spot, to send him."

"But I would rather not—for remember, I desire you to see, and, at least, treat this young man as the post says we treat Vice, the monster—first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"Oh, yes," panted Minnie, "you law-yers think there is nothing in life but gain and sale. You would have me cooly pledge myself to this fellow, to accept him, to be his wife, and allow him to make his papa."

"Yes, I do refuse to see him; and there is an end of it. I am going to be won in this matter-of-fact way. I am going to fall in love without meaning to, and be fallen in love with in some unexpected, romantic way, and have it all like a story book."

Lawyer McAlister smiled.

"You will doubtless fall in love with that professor over at Rochester, he said."

"Ah, no—he is old and dried up. I shall meet my fate, in some unlock'd-for manner, which I least expect to, I suppose. But will you let me go to Rochester?"

"I will think about it. I would rather you should take lessons here; and if I can get a good instructor to come here, I suppose you will be just as well pleased, will you not?"

"Yes—if you keep, Walter Graham away."

At the end of a week, Mr. McAlister had secured Minnie as he had secured her an instructor for her voice.

"I wrote to a friend," he said, "a musical gentleman of my acquaintance, and he has secured an excellent teacher—who will here some time next week. He will make his home with me; he will devote his whole time to you. I will pay him well for it; and you will progress much faster, than you would with me."

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Prof. Bangemwell looked anything but an angel as he stood in the parlor an hour after his arrival, and was presented to Miss Minnie, his pupil, who had just come in from a walk. He was tall, as she had said, but not old, being certainly not over twenty-five, and not thin, for he had the splendid figure of an Adonis, and his dark, magnetic eyes were not so deep as his green goggle, and the sweet smile that passed his handsome lips under the long black moustache proclaimed him an youth but a "crus."

"Why, Prof. Bangemwell!" repeated Minnie. "What a name! I know he is old, and tall, and thin, and wears green spectacles, and will be cross as a bear. But I don't care, so long as I can take lessons in singing, if he is an angel."

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"Merely! What could he have meant?" cried Miss Hamilton.

"I will never speak to him again!" sobbed Minnie.

When George called that evening he was extremely surprised to hear that Miss Minnie was not at home to Mr. Weston. Grieved and mortified, he returned to his room. On the table lay a round pasteboard box. He opened it, and, to his surprise, saw a set of false teeth, and these lines—

"How kind and thoughtful of him," exclaimed Minnie, in a grating tone, as she raised the lid.

One moment she glistened with horror the fangs from her, and burst into tears. Her mother and aunt were greatly surprised to find that George's present was an old set of false teeth!

"Such an insult!" exclaimed the horrified Mrs. Hamilton.

"Merely! What could he have meant?" cried Miss Hamilton.

"I will never speak to him again!" sobbed Minnie.

Minnie panted, and thought her father "awful cross," and went back to the professor. He wanted to hear her voice, and

so she sat down at the piano, and he stood very silent and gave her suggestions about her voice. He told her how to draw in her breath, and how to pronounce it, and then when she sang a passage, he told her where she failed, and sang it for her, that she might understand it better. His voice was a splendid, soaring tenor, and it just lifted Minnie up to the "seventh heaven" to hear him sing. They were full two hours at their first lesson, and then Minnie played and sang some simple airs, and the professor joined in the chorus, so they whistled away another hour, and then Minnie went to her flowers, and the professor soon joined her in the garden, and proved himself as learned in botany as in music.

"What have I done?" he exclaimed as he finished the note. "Sent her false teeth! But how could it have happened? Oh, now I remember; I exchanged boxes with that lady at the dentist's. It is too late to night, but I will call to-morrow and explain."

The next morning he hurried to his beloved's residence, but still she was not at home to him. Again and again and again he called, but could not see her. He sent several notes, but they were returned unanswered. This continued for several days.

About a week after, Miss Hamilton came down from her room in a strange state of excitement.

"Bessie!" she exclaimed, "look! I was hunting for my old teeth to-day, and I found these bracelets. How could this have happened?"

"When did you put the teeth into that box?" asked Bessie.

"One day last week (the day before your birthday, in fact). I went to the dentist's to have my new teeth put in. I took my old ones out, put them in the box, and laid it on the office-table with my things. I have not opened it since, and now I find these. What do you think of it?"

"There might have been another box, containing the bracelets, on the table," suggested Bessie.

"Well, I think of that, but still she did not imagine how near she was to the truth."

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A MISTAKE.

Young Botts lived in a row of uniform houses up in the Fifteenth Ward. There are about twenty-five dwellings in the block, all surrounded with iron fence. Botts, like half of the people in Philadelphia, has to begin to count the corners, when he comes home, in order to find his residence. Last Wednesday evening, upon returning from his office, he was absorbed in meditation and forgot in sleep. It was warm, and all the front doors in the row were open. He dashed into one of them, up the stairs and into the sitting-room, where, in the dark, he saw his wife reclining upon the lounge. Botts rushed up to her and gave her a hearty kiss. Much to his surprise, she jumped up and screamed for help, shouting "thieves!" "thieves!" "fire!" &c. In about two seconds a man bounded into the room and seized Botts, while a second girl flew up from the kitchen and beat him on the head with a rolling-pin. Then they set him down, and the man set on his head, and the Seminole took advantage of the ribs with the rolling-pin, and the woman had fisted fanned him with a shade and kept up a continual scream. Presently thirty or forty neighbors rushed in with a couple of policemen. The gas was lit, and then Botts discovered that he was not at home. He had dashed into the dwelling of Mills, who lives next door, but one, and had kissed Mills's maiden sister, who thought it was an audacious burglar. Then Botts went out and up to the corner, and counted his way to his house and went to bed. He burns a loose cigarette over his front door now; but it serves as his rifle join, and the knots on his shallop gun, he intends to move out into a desert, where there is no other house within six hundred miles.

Directions For Going Out For a Sail.

Proceed the most nautical rig you can. Broad bottoms always look well. A slight roll to the walk should be practised, and if the aspirant has his soul in the undertaking he may also practice chewing tobacco. (Sometimes this is as good as going out for a sail.) It looks well to cast your eye up at the sky now and then. This, accompanied by a blith of your nether garments, is irresistible.

When you are going on board you will probably observe that the boat rocks a little. In that case you will do well to slip down the last two steps of the gangway, and leap agilely on board, catching at the nose, the ear, whisker or hair of the nearest sailor. This is infallible, it makes theough seamstress respect you. You should shout "hail" as you execute the manoeuvre. "Hail" is a good remark to the crew at any point.

It is well to show your companions how to use the sail and tell him to "put her head" up or down, it doesn't much matter which. Whistle loudly—the sailors like it, because it brings on a gale, they say.

These directions will teach you how to comport yourself until the boat has passed the pier-head. After that you will do well to trust to nature. She will probably have it all her own way after that, whether you trust her or not.

A POSTMASTER WHO COULDN'T HEAR.

Everybody is supposed to have heard of Dan Bromley, editor of the Hartford Post. He is a scholar, a gentleman, a man of sense and wit, and something of a wag besides. After his return from California he wrote a lecture, chiefly on the wonders of Yosemite Valley. The paper was carefully prepared, and attracted uncommon attention wherever it was delivered. He read it before a large audience in a church in New Haven. The New Haven postmaster, a keen, sharp man, a wonderful effective politician, and a warm admirer of Bromley, was greatly edified by the production. Congratulating the lecturer upon his success as the crowd was dispersing, the postmaster observed that there was one drawback—he only heard imperfectly. Bromley thought he spoke loud enough for the size of the church.

"Didn't you see me hold up my hand to my ear, thus?" sniting the action to the word.

THUNDER!

"Thunder!" said Dan. "I thought it was your ear."

FAITHFUL LOVE.

The most faithful lover who has a name and being outside of trashy novels, lives in Densbury. The parents of the young lady are opposed to his companionship, but that don't make him proud. Sometimes the old gentleman reaches him with his hand before he can get over the fence, but the young man don't lay up ill feelings on account of that; he only smiles at the despoiler of his pants when he meets him, and calls it "heaping coals of fire on his head." Saturday evening he thought he would get up a surprise for the old chap. He put a paving-stone in each of his coat-tail pockets, and started for the famous old inn. The old man sat out for him with increased enthusiasm, and caught him—caught him good. Then he lay down on the grass and said: "I die by the hand of an assassin. But the young man passed on without a word, and smiles the most heavenly smile of forgiveness ever seen on the street.

A GENTLEMAN says: Going to Cape May the other day I saw a young man leaning over the railing of the upper deck, and with considerable violence giving to the winds and the sea the contents of his stomach. Just at this juncture one of the boat officials walking briskly by, asked, in a patronizing manner, "Sick, sir?"

"You don't suppose I'm doing this for fun, do you?" said the poor fellow, indignantly, as soon as he could recover his breath.

An inhabitant of a suburban town, after spending a convivial evening was disengaged among the carrots and cabbages of his humble garden, wrapped in slumber. "Well, Bill," said an admiring friend, as he shook the prostrate youth, "what are you doing out here?" "Watching for a hen that's stolen her nest," was the sententious answer. "But what are your eyes shut for, Bill?" "Don't want the old hen to see me," gruffly replied the sleeping philosopher.

A FELLOW in Janesville, in a letter to his girl at Oshkosh, told her that it was so cold down there the mercury was unable to see zero without a telescope. The confounding creature, in reply, stated that they managed to worry through at Oshkosh by hanging their thermometers over their webs, as the mercury seldom sank more than forty feet in the tropical region. Those two trusting hearts have confidence in each other's veracity.

Not long since a gentleman had occasion to call on the Rev. Mr. L. of this city. On ringing the bell an Irish servant put in an appearance, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Is the Rev. Mr. L. at home?"

"No, sir; he's attendin' a widdin'."

"Can you tell me when I can see him?"

"Says, sir, he's on his funeral to attend right affairs, and I don't know when he'll be home, sir."

A Chicago advertisement for three lady typists brought in two days an index of 3000 specially-written letters.

The experiment of driving cutreches before light bugles, has been successfully tried in Paris.

MY CREDIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My credit is this: that he who holds it heart—
Lives for me, and dies for me;
And death who, to him, is his part,
As truly as he can, is the true gentleman.

Not content, nor cross, nor haunted name,
Can make ignoble man;
The power of him, who, not for wealth nor fame,
Does nobly what he can.
For God and Father—

EBEN E. HEPFORD.

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 20.

JIM DALY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CAPTAIN GARNET.

"If I live, this is Jim Daly."
"If you don't live it's all the same." And two snowy hands met in so hearty a grip that the joints snapped in electrical sympathy.

After they had thus renewed old acquaintanceship, the elder man spoke again. "Jim, what's your legitimate trade now?" "Just one of the stanchioned ranchmen in the San Joaquin Valley."

"Ah, good news, that. You once bore on steadily toward a different occupation."

"I did? You thought so. In what business did you expect me to exhibit my talents?"

"Dancing a tight rope, Jim."

"You mean mountebank, boy?"

"No, sir; in Eastern States, mounting a platform; in the Western, different means, but the same end."

A keen glances at Jim Daly showed a young man, small but sinewy and swarthy as an Arab, with a wide, brilliant eye, but more frank and a generous style that would tell the initiated he was a Western man, quick and dexterous as a boxer.

"What's your biz, hereabouts?" asked the fairer fellow who had first greeted him.

"Am to meet a man here who comes down our way to speculate. Want to see where I shall deliver my wool clip, and so forth."

"Just so, and what say to a pipe of peace and a free confession of how you came to be converted into a man safe to run at large."

"I'm wary, Austin," spoke a third person, "for I've seen the time when I should rather have put my head into a lion's mouth than to joke Jim Daly on facts."

"Aye, aye," answered Jim, "I would have dispensed his complexion with a charge of buck shot, or a brace of bullets, for the small pox wasn't anywhere for puncturing meat in comparison with myself in those days, but they are passed and my temper is cooler."

"How did it come about, Jim?"

"Patient, man, your old pipe drawards enough to superinduce the lock-jaw. Give me a sugar, water." Then Jim began:

"We had organized a gang of us bawards, who circled hither and yon, committing depredations wherever the pay would offset the risk. We were hazardous, yet careful, for who better understands Chief Justice Lynch, than the fellows who have executed his commands. Not one of our gang but had his larynx mortgaged to his country, and might at any time have his palpitating circulation interfered with by a blow."

"We had an alias in our pocket, us immediate use, no," said Jim, looking around him, "if any one is listening to what I say, with the idea of reporting at headquarters, he it known that Jim Daly as Jim Daly hasn't a black mark scored against him."

"Well, one day Tom Tit came into our rendezvous with very accelerated circulation.

"Boys," said he, "there's a chance for a haul to-night."

"Where?" was the question.

"Up along Brink's Falls. Nore, as own a township by the Falls, is going into, or is gone to bargain for a government tract along the line of railroad. He has just received twenty thousand dollars, and he won't be likely to carry it about him in his travel-purse, at least, will be left at home."

"What's the role?" a regular housebreak?

"No, sir; it is a more way. I've been looking into the case. Tom Tit was our oracle. "And I find that Dave Nore is in the soul of hospitality. His buildings are in a lonely place, but two miles beyond the regular stage route. Now, some one of us must set the bated traveller—old, weak, and all. Related—misled the time and place of overhauling the stage. Got a sick daughter at so and so, Shawnee—she you—understand the programme—deadfall, feebles, and so forth; only women fit to deal with, you know."

"A silence followed this harangue.

"Who goes in for doing the part of the old, bated gent, meanwhile understanding that he is open to the rest of us in the night, so that we can bank the old fellow's capital?"

"One man seemed anxious to perform the part, and, at last, good-humoredly, we decided to draw lots. The solitary long stick stood."

"At sunset, with a bundle tied in a red cotton handkerchief, and a stout staff, with jerky, rheumatic gait, I was stamping along the route toward Brink's Falls and the homestead of Nore."

"I found no difficulty in getting food and lodgings for the night, as similar incidents of bated wayfarers were of common occurrence this being the direct route from B— to W—, at which places the regular stages picked up passengers."

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